tems of caste lead to an individual and national calm, the complete contrast of our ceaseless agitation. Contemplate for a moment our American life! The business of the country is an Atlantic of storm, which scarce knows repose. We buy, we sell, we tear down, we build up, we put girdles round the globe, as if our time were but an hour and eternal destiny hung upon these material issues. With our rapid successes, which will try the brain of the stoutest, and our as sudden reverses, toppling in a day the stateliest pile that energy and opportunity can rear, what must be the wear and tear of that central force, which is at once the driving-wheel and motive power of our business activity—the nervous system? Every day of the year somebody's brain reels.

"Splendid as is our civilization, insanity, and intemperance, its foremost proximate cause, are its dark shadows which follow its march with ever-deepening gloom wherever it goes. They appear at our firesides, at our altars, and in our most sacred seats, like the skeletons at the Egyptian feasts, as if to mock us.

"These features of our Western life impose peculiar obligations. Man is the creature of society. It envelops him as an atmosphere, and he cannot escape its mutualities and responsibilities. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. We are bound together in this community—life, and not a member of the vast confraternity can be diseased, and the whole body not suffer. We take our civilization cum onere, and our society with all its obligations."

These thoughtful expressions represent the sentiment of the best and wisest among us. Long ago, the declaration of Horace Mann, that the insane were the wards of the State, was stamped as an axiom by political economists. And if the insane are justly wards; if we may, as we do, take charge of their estates by legal process, to preserve them from dilapidation and waste, in the hands of proper and discreet guardians, can the State do less for their bodies than for their perishing property?